FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEN. CHARLES KING.

Comprisat, 1899, by P. Tennyton Niely. STROPRIS OF PRECEDING OBSPICES.

The story opens with a scene in the restmental samp on Presidio Heights, overlooking San Francisc Harbor. Rumors of moving orders to Mamila and the stival from New York of Isdy visitors at escipanters vary the monotony of camp routine. The visitors are in search of a tunaway boy who be objected to have entered the Army, and Lieut. The most popular young other in his retinent, through a supposed accomment through a supposed accomment and one of the visiting party. Miss Amy arreines, is covied by his follows. The party, societed by Col. Armstrong, attends a review of the still grounds and is disturbed by

CHAPTER XV.

Manife at last! Queen City of the Archipelago. and Manila again besieged! The loveliest of the winter months was come. The Luneta and the Paseo de Santa Lucia, close to the sparkling waters, were gay every evening with the music of the regimental bands and thronged with the carriages of old-time residents and their new and not to welcome visitors. Spantsh dames and damsels, invisible at other hours, drove or strolled along the roadway to enjoy the cool breezes that swept in from the beautiful bay and wistful peops at the dainty toilets of the American belles now arriving by tonics of the anti-every boat from Hong Kong. All the Castil-lan distain they might look and possibly feel toward the soldiery of Unele Sam gave place to ivaliest interest and curlosity when the wives and daughters of his soldiers appeared upon the scene; and there was one carriage about which, whenever it stopped, a little awarm of officers gathered and toward which at any time all eyes were directed - that of the White sisters Within the old walled city and in the crowded districts of Binondo, Quiapo and San Migue north of the Pasig, and again in Paco and Ermita to the south, strong regiments were stationed in readiness to suppress the first sign of the outbreak so confidently predicted by the Bureau of Military Intelligence. In a great semicircle of overtwenty miles, girdling the city north, east and south, the outposts and sentries of the two divisions kept watchful eves upon the insurgent forces surrounding them. Aguih d all but declared war upon the obstinate possessors of the city and had utterly forbidden their leaving the lines of Manila and seeking to penetrate those broader fields and roads and villages without. Still hugging to its breast the delusion that a semi-Malaysian race could be appeared by show of philau-thropy, the Government at Washington de-creed that, despite their throwing up earthworks against and training guns on the American positions, the enemy should be treated as though they never could or would be hostile, and the privileges denied by them to American troops were by the American troops ac-corded to them. Coming and going at will through our lines, they studied our force, our arms, equipment, numbers, supplies, methods; and long before the Christmas bells had olanged their greating to that universal feastday, and the boom of canthat universal feastday, and the boom of cannon ushered in the new year, all doubt of the
lostile sentiments of the insurgent leaders had
vanished. Aiready there had been ominous
clashes at the front; and with every day the
demeaner of the Filipino officers and men
became more and more insolent and defiant.
Ceaseless vigilance and self-control were enjoined upon the soldiers of the United States,
nearly all stalwart volunteers from the far.
Weat and while officers of the staff and of the
half-dozen regiments quartered within the city
were privileged banch day to siroll or drive upon
the Laneta, there were others that never knew
au hour dway from the line of the outposts and
their supports. Such was the case with
stewarf's regiment far out toward the waterworks at the east. Such was the case with the Stewart's regiment for out toward the water-works at the east. Such was the case with the Primeval Dudes on the other side of the Pasig, Initial the banks of the crocked estuary that formed the Rubbon we were forbidden to cross. Such was the case with Canker and the teanth in the dense bamboo thicket to the south and so it happened that at first Arm-strong and Billy Gray saw nothing of each other, and but little of the White sisters, prob-

stream the Kolveon we were forebothed to come and the state of the control of the

to help Nim; and until that hapless child was freed from a peril that, ever threatening, seemed sapping her very life, Margaret Garrison meant to stay.

For the latter that came by way of Honolulu had told the elder sister of increasing jealousy and sospicion on the Colonel's part, of his dreadful rage at Yokohama on learning that even there-the very hour of their arrival—when the Consul came aboard with a batch of letters in his hand, he had one for Mrs. Frost. She had barely gianced at its contents before she was atricken with a fir of trembling, tore it in half, and tossed the fragments on the swift ebing tide, then rushed to her stateroom. There she hidded a postscript to the long letter penned to Marginest on the voyage; and the purser, not her husland, saw it safely started on the Gaelic came steaming in the cordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the cordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, even as the Gaelic came steaming in the cordinary mail, for the Queen was heading seaward, one missive in it telling Witchie Garrison that the man whose life had been wracked by hur sister's enforced descrition was already in Mailia awaiting her coming, and telling her. Drayton's hands contained only her earlier lotters. In his wreckless wrath Latrobe had told her that those which bound her to him by the most kolemn pladges, those that wowed unband, and that see should see him and them they thought of the place of the contained of the resulting weeks, had the safetes been approached by any one who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle lieal, where were the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black romove of the inhalt of her smiling, witching, yet vigilant Margaret. Neverones had their house been approached by any one who bore resemblance to the dreaded lover. All along the Calle lieal, where were the quarters of many officers, little guards of regulars were stationed; for black romove of the house of the

proportion to the number of American lamates—and day after day, awaiting the signal for their bloody work, these native devotes greeted with servile bows and studied the habits of the officers they were designated to fall upon in their sleep and slay without mercy. Even women and children were not to be spared; and many a woman, hearing his grewsome story, trembled in her terror. For a time, in dread of this new peril. Nits Frost almost fergot the other; but not so Margaret. She scoffed and acousted the rumor of a Filipino outbreak. She laughed at Frost, who all too evidently believed in it, and was in hourly treplication. He begred that the guard at his quarters might be doubled, and was totally unnerved when told it might even have to be reduced. Not so Mrs. Frank. She made friends with the stalwart sergeant commanding; always had hot coffee and sandwiches ready for the midnight relief; made it a point to learn the name of each successive non-commissioned officer in charge, and had a winsome smile and word for the sentries as she passed. It wasn't Filipino agression that ask feared. The men wondered why she should so urgently bid them see that no strangers—Americans—were allowed within the massive gates. There were tramps, even in Manila, she said. When the sisters drove, their natty little Filipino team flached through the lanex and streets at top speed, the springy Victoria bounding at their heels to the limit-nent peril of the cockaded hats of the dusk coacamin and footman, if not even to the seats of those trim, white-coated, big-huttoned, top-booted, impassive little Spanish-bred servitors. The carriage stopped only at certain designated points, and only then when a group of officers stood ready to greet them. Not ones had they been menaced by any one nor approached by nor man even faintly resembling poor Latrobe; and Witchie Garrison was beginning to take heart and look upon that threatening letter as an maj piece of 'bluff,' when one day the unexpected happened.

The men of the house, and Witchie was b

On one pretext after another he was now forever coming to wish that Canker had had his way; but Canker had had his way; but Canker had had dimb or departed, and it had pleased the General-in-Chief to send him with a regiment of infantry and a brace of guns to garrison an important point on an adjacent island, and to tell him that in view of the impossibility of his substantiating his charges against Gray the youngster had some shadow of evouse for his violent outbreak. Rather than bring up a scandal it was best to drop the matter entirely. Gray had been sent to duty with the—teenth before he was thoroughly well, and a good-hearted battalion commander, taking pity on his obvious change for the worse, had found occasion after the first ten days at the front to send him back to quarters in Malate, instead of incessantly on duty along the there are not our, when he scould send with Mrs. Frank. She had nursed from well in his slow conviseemen, had nursed him well in his slow conviseemen, had made itep impression on his bovish heart, lacorated as he concelved it by a disappolatment thome, she had won him to her service, as she thought, until alse felt sure he was ready to do almost anything for her sake, then she had put him to the test, and he had falled her. Belleving, as she did, that the boy well knew the wherehous of the alleged desertor, Morton, and his friend, Nita's reckless lover, she had counted on him to write from them the letters poor latrobe declared he still possessed; but the three weeks had possed without a sign, and it was becoming evident to her that Gray had lost track of them entirely.

One brilliant afternoon, as she lay on the broad, cane-bottomet bedstead with its overhanging canopy of flimy netting, she drownly heard the corporal posting the new senty in the marbied corridor below, and then marching the relief to the rer gate opening to the board. Nita was already up and moving hours, and he had not recognize it. She could not remember ever having heard it belower flower and the large ready t

to take them tearing back to join their regiments. In five minutes the business streets devented were dearfued, The natives, men and women, either hid within the shelter of their homes or fiel to the sanctuary of the many churches. All over the great city the salarm spread like wildfire. The buttalious formed under arms, those nearest the positions in support, those, nearest the residence of the salarm spread like wildfire. The buttalious formed under arms, those nearest the walled city waiting for orders. Foreign residents now matters more cooly than did the Asiatic German phisgm. English impassiveness and Yankes devil-impassiveness and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and Yankes devil-impassiveness and Yankes devil-impassiveness and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and Yankes devil-impassiveness and Yankes devil-impassiveness, and yankes devil-impassiveness were not slow in screeking for their households the refuge of the fleet of transports lying fleeting and their suitable fleeting the properties of the passiveness of the long transports lying fleeting and their suitable fleeting their developments. In an agony of feer Col. Frost had bidden his driver to lash the ponies to a gallop and go like the wind to Malate; but the appearance of the long rans and beginning to be resident and maning on their devil-impassiveness of the long ransports of the passiveness of the long ransports of the long

was on.

Hours after daws, hours after the attack began, the —teenth were in extended battle order to the south of Malate, confronted by thickers of bamboo that fairly swarmed with insurgents, yet only by the incessant zin and "whise" of ritled fire could this be determined; for, with their smokeless powder and their Indianlike skill in concealment, nothing could be seen of their array. Over to the westward on the placid waters of the bay ward on the placid waters of the bay while after shell into the dense underbrush across the abandoned rice fields and the marshy flats that lined the shore. Over to the east resounding cheers and crashing volleys, nunctuated by the sharp report of fleid guns, told that the comrade birgade was heavily engaged and, at parantly, driving the enemy before them. To right and left their volunteer supports were branging line the brush with their heavy Springfields, and still there sacemed no symptom of weakness long the immediate front, no sign of yielding. If anything the fury of the insurgent valleying increased as the sun climbed hieler, and all along the blue-shirted line men grit their teeth and swore as they crounded or lay full length in greeded to declare himself, with a string of horrible oaths he told the young man that the plang the roadside, peering through the filmy well that driffed slowly agroes their front—teeth and swore as they crounded or lay full length in the didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his mas under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his was under the seat, and if he didn't take his mas under the seat and if he didn't take his hear under the content of the subject of the should have a declare himself. With a string of ho increased as the sun climbed higher, and all along the blue-shirted line men grittheir teeth and swore as the crouched or lay full length slong the roadside, peering through the filmy well that drifted slowly across their front—the smoke from the Springfields of the volunteers. To lie there longer with the bullets buzzing close overhead or biting deep into the low embankment, sometimes tearing a stinging path through human flesh and bone, was adding to the nerve strain of the hours gone by. Torush headlong across that intervening open space, through deep and muddy pools and stagnant ditch, and hur! themselves upon the lurking enemy in the hamboo copie beyond, had been the ardent longing of the line since daylight came to illumine the field before them. Yet stern orders withhield: Defend, but do not advance, said the General's message; and the whisper went along from man to man. There is trouble in town behind us, and the chief may need us there.

But, as 8 o'clock passed with no word of uprising in the rear, and the cheering over toward Santa Ana grew louder and louder, the nerve strain upon the —teenth became well-night intolerable. For God's sake, can't we be doing something instead of lying here firing into a hornets nest? was the murmur that arose in more than one company glong the impatient line; and the gruff voices of voteran sergeants could be heard ordering silence, while, moving up and down behind their men, the line officers cautioned against wasle of ammunition and needless exposure. "Lie flat, men. Keep down!" were the words. "We won't have to stand this forever. You'll soon get your chance."

And presently it came, The cheering that had died as way far over to the left levond the

chance.

And presently it came. The cheering that had died away, far over to the left teyond the wooded knolls that surreunded Singalon and Block House 12, was suddenly taken up nearer at hand. Then crashing volleys sounded allong the narrow roadway to the east, and a bugle rang out shrill and clear above the noise of battle; and then closer still, though unseen in the gloom of the dense thicket in which they lay, the men of the second battallon, strong along a Filipino trail that led nway to the rice lieds, swung their big straw hats and yelled for lov. A young officer, his eyes flashing his face flished with excitement, came bounding out from the grove at the left of the crouching line and made straight to where the veteran battalion commander knell in rear of his centre. It was Billy Gray, adjutant to the regimental commander. The bullots whistled by his head as he darted springingly along; and in their joy at sight of him even old hands forgot the isserve of the regular service and some man shouted: "Now we're off," and the popular question: "What's the matter with Lieut, Gray?"

At any other time, under any other circumstances, both questioner and respondents who gleefully shouted. "He's all right," would have been promptly and sternly suppressed. But the senior Captain at their head well knew the excitement tingling in the nerves of that long-auffering line, and only smiled and nodded sympathy. He saw, too, that Gray was quivering with pent-up feeling, as the boy halfed short, saluted, and, striving to steady his eager volce, said:

"Captain, the Colonel directs that you open sharp fire on the woods in your front and orecupy the enemy there. He is a bout to charge with the third buttalion and drive them out of the trenches we we located over yonder;" and Billy pointed eagerly to that left front—the southess.

The Captain's grizzled face took on a look of keen disappointment. "You mean we've got to say that for you to charge before he's got onto their flank would cost too many men. You'll get the word as s And presently it came. The cheering that

onto their liank would cost too hear) men. You'll get the word as soon as lee's got the works.

"We'll said. Billy boy! That sounds almost epigrammatic. Hullo! You hit? Bloon down here, man. Bon't try to get perforated!

"My hat only." was the answer, as the boy stooped quickly to hide the irrepressible twitching about the muscles of his lin. A Keanington had ripped from side to side, tearing a way through the curly hair at the top of his head and almost scoring the scalp. To save his soul he could not quite suppress the trembling of his knees, but stoadwing himsell by great effort, he continued: "The Colonel says to commission firing by welley the moment our bugles sound the charge. Now I must get back.

"All right, youngster. Tell the Colonel I saver, and we'll do our level best—only, let us into it as quick as you can."

But Gray heard only the first part of the sentence. He was panting when he reached his placid, gray-mustached chief, and could only

gasp out: "The Captain understands, sir," And then the regimental commander simply turned to the battailon leader, standing silent at his loit in a little clump of timber—another veteran eaptain grown gray as himself in leng. long years of service:

"Now's our time, old man! Pitch in! Gray, well go with him."

All along the line from right to left there ran the cross-country road connecting the broader highway from Malate to San Rafael and Paradague on the west, and from West Pace by way of Singalon to Pasay. In front of the right wing all was swamp, merass or rice fields. In front of the left wing all was close, dense bamboo and lungle, save where the broad, straight roadway led on hast Block House 13, or the narrowes curt track stretched southward, overarched in places by spreading branches, and commanded at its narrowest part by the swarm of dusky fighters in Block House 14. A year before the blueshirts strined these forest strongholds from the south, and look them from the troops of Suain. Now they were compelled to turn and storm them from the troops of Suain. Now they were compelled to turn and storm them from the sand would be friend. Aguinaldo had bearded Uncle Sam.

And while the volunteers and regulars to the right could only remain in support, it fell to the lot of the left wing of this brave brigade to assault in as almost impenetrable position an enemy armed with magazine rifles, or breech

to the lot of the left wing of this brave brigate to assault in an abnost impenetrable position an enemy armed with magazine rifles or broech loaders, and entirely at home. The bugles rang the signal; the officers in silence took their stations, and, stepning into the narrow pathways through the jungle, crouching along the roadways or crashing through the stiff hamboo, the blue-shirts drove shead. Two, three minutes, and that marrows secured indiscovered. Then ing through the stiff hamboo, the blue-shirts drove shead. Two, three minutes, and their purpose seemed undiscovered. Then suddenly Block House 14 blazed with fire and a storm of bullets swent the rend. The earthworks in the thickets to the right and left seemed to be crowded with a running flame; and down on their (aces fell the foremost solders, their gallant leader shot through and through, plunging headlone, yet in his dying agony waying his surviving men to get to cover. Vengefully now the "Krags" opened in reply to Remington and Mauser. The blue-shirts struggled on inch by inch through the network of bamboo. Still the storm swept in the roadway, and no man could hope to face it and live. But, title by little, the low-aimed, steady velleys, driven in by squad and section through the cancelorate, or by company and platon across the westward swamps, told on the nerve and discipline of the little brown men in the hamboo. Their shots flew swift, but wild and higher. Then a daring lad in the rough field uniform of a subaltern of brantry, sprang like a cat into the fire-flashing lane, and, revolver in hand and a squad of devoted fellows at his heeds, dashed straight at the wooden walls ahead. In frantic haste the occupants blazed shot after shot upon him and his heroic followers. O-p after another, three went down, but in another instant, the Lieutenant leading, they reached the Block House and daried through the open doorway, the last of its garrison fleeing in panie before such unheard-of-daring and determination. And then came the rush of comrades cheering down the lane, tumbling over the earthworks and the luckless gang that, still cruching there, held to their position, and all the southward leading road was ours.

To be continued.

THE DEAR OLD DUDE AGAIN. Never Looks Like a Fighter, but He Always Gets Along Pretty well at It.

From the Chicago Tribune. It was on the train that left the loop at 11:30 o'clock. At Van Buren and State streets a young man, who was subsequently contemptuously referred to as "the dude," entered the second car from the end. He was conspicuously dressed, and the few people in the car looked at him with nterest. They observed that he wore a brown derby hat, black sack coat white waistcoat and scarf gray striped trousers, carefully creased, and patent leather shoes. While he did not look exactly the part of a "swell," he was evidently a man who gave much consideration to his personal appearance, which is best described by the word Im-

He settled himself in a seat with careful deberateness, pulled up his trousers to avoid "kneeing" them, flecked a bit of ciger ash from the lapel of his coat and crossed his legs with as much are as if they were made of glass. The passengers watched his movements with half-concealed smiles, but the object of them was apparently oblivious of everything around him. As he drew off his rellow dogskin gloves he displayed a pair of hands that were large, well formed, but soft and white. He was tall and well proportioned, but there was

e movement of a muscle. He looked at the orgh, who had taken a seat opposite, but with a more show of interest than if he had been star-ing at a blank wall. But when the bully stopped catch his breath he said, in the same quiet, un-

or cates) his breath he said. The the same quiet, un-ruffled tome:
"I do not think much damage was done. My

ruffled ione:

"I do not think much damage was done. My shoe is perfectly clean; and, besides, I apologized."

His quiet words acted on the temper of the man who was looking for trouble like a stiff breeza on a bonfire. He was sure then that he had an "casy mark." and he roared out volley after volley of vile oaths and threats.

The "dude" looked anniyed. Leaning forward he said. "There are lades in this car, and i don't want any trouble here; but if you will keep your mouth shut until we get off the train I will give you all the satisfaction you want. Where do you get off."

"Anywhere" shouted the tough. "Well, we will get off at Thirty-fifth street," said the "dude" and turning to Mr. Joseph Welsenbach of the Criminal Court, who was setting near, he asked him where he left the train. Mr. Welsenbach said that he also get off at Thirty-fifth street, "Will you be kind enough to see that I get fair plays" asked the "dude."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Welsenbach. At that moment the tough sprang up, shouting: "We won't wait till we get off. I'm going to lick you now." He towered over the "dude" and aimed a velous blow at the lature's face. But the other was too quick for him. 'He partied the blow with ins left hand and caught the tough under the law with a terrible right hand uppercut. The latter was lifted literally off his feet, and he saded through the air until he struck the opposite side of the car, with a bang, and each elbow went crashing through a pane of glass.

For an instant he looked as if he were nailed to the side of the car, with a bang, and each elbow with caded through the air until he struck the opposite side of the car, the form a heap, hewling, "What d'ye hit me fur.' I ddn't say nawthin."

Just then there was a yell from the back pilet.

lett-hand blow in the face. He went down in a heap, howling, "What d'ye hit me fur." I didn't say nawthin.

"Just then there was a yell from the back platform, and Mr. Weisenbach remembered that he had seen two companions board the train with the toughs. They had seen the "dude's" imitation of a cyclone at work and were coming to the rescue. Mr. Weisenbach flung himself against the door to keep out the re-enforcements, and looking down the car he saw the pugilist. Gorge Kirwan, otherwise "The Mystery," curled up in a seat apparently sleeping.

"Here, George Kirwan," shouted Mr. Weisenbach, "are you going to stay there and see four men jump on one."

men jump on one"
"You bet I ain!," sang "The Mystery," as he came down the aisle on the run.
He arrived in the nick of time, as the assault on the door was more then Mr. Weisenbach could withstand. The two loughs rushed in as kirwan reached the spot. The pugifist strack the first and knocked him into a corner of the car. An-

The adult was fighting rapidly, but without any sign of fatigue. His face remained base of the first hand aver his mouth and and brought arised down the smaller lough a fast as he got up.

The dude was fighting rapidly, but without any sign of fatigue. His face remained base and each beet find the hough as part of a stop a block said the motorman, hearing the crash of an accident or collision, and brought the punching base.

The frainness trief to force their way into the car, but were kept out at one cut by the floers and the follow they several passengers, all of whom at the other by several passengers, all of whom at the other by several polecemen, who had been attracted to the search by the cheers and at the other by several passengers, all of whom at the solider by several passengers, all of whom at the solider by several passengers, all of whom at the solider by several passengers, all of whom at the solider by several passengers, all of whom were withly cheering the "dude" was run life the stand here attracted to the segme by the cheers and yells and the sound of breaking glass.

The "dude" was not even ruffled. He flecked an imaginary dust more from his cont sleeve and stepped to the platform. The Mystery had been correlated the toughs get their full measure of punishment.

Firally he criefly work and at the could a stepped to the platform. The Mystery had been attracted to the seam by the cheers and yells and the sound of breaking glass.

The "dude" was not even ruffled. He flecked an imaginary dust more from his cont sleeve and stepped to the platform. The Mystery had been going to flow the ruffled been should be the could not follow the clude: the latter called a cheery good might to Mr Weisenbach, it a cigarette and disappeared in the darkness toward State and the spend the whole day with him, if necessary, and he. "Dr. Jacobe will look at recommend to the platform the darkness toward State and the spend the whole day with him, if necessary, and he. "Dr. Jacobe will look at recommend to the could be

THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN

THE DELUSION OF JOHN IRWIN.

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The upstairs girl rushed into my room to tell me that something was the matter with Mr. Irwin. In itself the information was not important; indeed it was no real information at all. Something at wasys was the matter with Mr. Irwin. In itself the information was not important; indeed it was no real information at all. Something at wasys was the matter with Mr. Irwin. It is said to a bottle.

This suff casts \$2.50 an ounce even to doctors," and he cade to me. "bought four ounces on my way over here. I don't know that It's any been, to the best of my knowledge and bellef. The gentleman himself once told me that it began 500 years before he was born. His earliest known ancestor flour.shed or vainly tried to flourish in London near the close of the sixteenth century, and unthing is now remembered of him except that he was always in trouble. The expactly for being so was his only legacy, and it had never passed out of the family.

Such being the case, the servant's words meant nothing, but her manner was relevant. She was freghtened out of her wits. The spectacle of ordinary himmen suffering could not have alarmed nor even interested one who had served in Mrs. Iteardon's boarding house for a period of seven years, therefore I was led to suspect a distinctly unusual occurrence. If something was the matter with him before, it must be worth looking at: and upon this consideration I ascended those the will be a subject to the gentleman's apastinent.

It must not be interred from what I have said about irwin's troubles that he was blind or cryptleid of II of any grave disease. Ill he frequently was but his friend, Dr. Bland, who a tended him grate to the gentleman's apastinent.

It must not be interred from what I have said about irwin's troubles that he was blind or cryptleid or III of any grave disease. Ill he frequently was but his friend, Dr. Bland, who a tended him grate had been and the beauty of the was made and the position of the tendent of the a

excavation. In appearance he was healthy enough, though worn thin by worry, and prema-turely gray.

and worth 87 a week, with board, by Mrs. Rear-don's scale of prices. It was a moderate charge for one who earned so good an income with his lays for a couple of dollars to piece out Mrs. Rear ion's money, or to graufy the washerwoman who must go to Coney Island on Sunday. What he did with his money heaven knows. He spoke of debt, but when he contracted it I cannot guess, un-less the rumor that he had been so foolish as to as-

sume his brother's be accurate.

I found him pacing the floor, though there was little room for such exercise. His hair was rumpled, and the collar of his shirt had been ripped

from its fastenings in front.
"Seven and seven are fourteen," said he, "and three are seventeen and one makes eighteen, and four make Blessed heaven! I must have some money"

"What's the matter, !rwin?"I demanded. "What are you raising such a row about?"
"Say ten," said he, "Ten and four are fourteen, and one makes fifteen, and four"—
"Sit down and keep quiet," said I. "You've

been overworking in this hot place, and you mustn't do it any more. What you need is rest." "Blessed heaven!" he cried. "I must have some money!

"You worry too much," said L. "Don't do it Let the other fellow walk the floor.

And I tried to make him sit down upon the bed-And I tried to make him sit down upon the bed.

"Seven and four are cleven, and one—one for the washerwoman, he muttered, taking an old letter from his pocket and scratching upon the envelope with a pencil, "and four are sixteen, and one—one for me. Two boiled eggs are ten, and collective in the sixteen and take a walk. This room is an oven.

As a matter of fact that back attle is built on a plan which divine mercy rejected when perdition was in contemplation. I fawin was absurd to work in it, yet for days and nights, in the hotiest August that ever baked New York, he had tolled upon a long story that he was writing for the Graveseni literary syndicate. It was sheer foolishness, and I had often asked him why he did not hire a better room.

"We in a minute "said train." I could for it his

"Wait aminute," said Irwin, "I could fix it this way. Seven and four are eleven, and four ones make fifteen. But what's the use? Blessed leaven! I must have some money!

"Money is of small value compared to health," said I. "Go down and engage Mrs. Reardon's hack room on the second floor. Coolest room in the house; I wish I could afford it myself. Hello; here's Dr. illand.

"What seems to be the matter. John?" inquired the doctor.

"In the name of heaven," replied Irwin, "I must have some money."

have some money.

Hand rummaged in his pockets and finally pulled out a leather case, from which he extracted

a physician's thermometer.
"Take this," said he, "and put it under your Take this, said to get to get a country of the would be stop pacing the floor, and as he walked, with the thermometer stucking out of his mouth, he continued to make figures on the envelope.

"How long has he been this way," asked the erter of me. "I replied. "The girl told me

"How long has he been this way," asked the dorter of me.
"I don't know," I replied. "The girl told me about it. Did she call you."
"Yes," sand he. "I'm girls she had the sense to do it. John looks pretty bad."
"I told him he needed a rest," said 1.
"Hest and change of seeme," assented Bland. "He ought to go to the seashore for a month or twe and take life easy."
"I'm afraid he can't get away," said I. "He siturning out a story for the Gravesend people, and it ought to be done next week."
"At any rate," said the doctor with decision, "we must get him out of this room. Isn't there a coster place in the house anywhere? I don't want to send him to a hospital."

I mentioned the room on the second floor, adding that I did not believe John had the money to pay for it in advance, a formatily which Mrs. Reardon would certainly exact, and the more particularly if it seemed that her looker was likely to be ill.
"I'll stand half of it if you'll stand the other half," whispered Bland. "We'll fix it up with Mrs. Reardon, and say nothing to John—just walk him down there and put him to bed.

He took the thermometer out of John's mouth, and after examining it by the window, remarked that the patient had no fever. Meanwhile Irwin had begun to add again, ending his sums with the exclamation about money.
"Out of his head," said the doctor, "What he needs is a little cracked ice and a cool place to lie down in. I'll give him something to make him sleep. John, he said, turning to the patient, we're going to take you downstairs to a better room, second floor back, you know."
"Sixteen and four are twenty," responded Irwin, "and one and one and one and one in heaven's name, I must have some money."

"You must have thirty grains of sulphonal, said the doctor. "That is what you need.

He took John by the right arm, and I possessed myself of the left. Thus we marched the people of the left. Thus we marched the people of the left. Thus we marched the people of the left in an an analysis of the left in the said power of the washer, would no

John stood still a minute, gnawing his fingers.

"I must, I simply must have some money, he said means and the strong of the str

ness to find a bill from Rockey waiting for him, he will go back into it again as a mere measure of relief.

"I will defray the charges," replied Bellows. "He will be more moderate with me, as I am able to be of service to him in various ways. I was grently pleased to know that Irwin would have the care of such a man as Rockey. Dr. Bland also expressed satisfaction when I mentioned the matter to him upon returning home.

"We can't have too much advice in this case," he said. "It is extremely unusual. John has been cracy as a iddier's elbow all day long. Hear him:

"In heaven's name," moaned Itwin. "I must

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Dr. Rockey came in about 8 o'clock, with Bellows. John had been quieter for the last hour, and Bland had expressed his fear that Bockey would not see him under the most favorable circumstances, but just before the eminent specialist arrived John began to add his sevens and fours and ones, louder than ever.

The great physician looked pleased. I am told that he always assumes that expression when a case presents unusual features. He proceeded to put John through the tests for paresis, paranoia, dipsomania and other forms of demonincal possession, and all the time poor Irwin was calling for money at the top of this voice.

"What he needs, said Dr. Rockey, "is regular, systematic hospital treatment. We ought to have him in our sanitarium at Flatbush to-morrow morning. As to the precise nature of his mandy, I should not care to speak at this time. The only pronounced symptom is this delusion of the need of money, but that might appear in many forms of insanity. Do you concur. Dr. Bland."

Dr. Bland concurred, and thus it happened that he and Irwin, with Mr. Bellows and myself, rode over to Flatbush next morning in a hired carriage, which ost the philanthropist \$16. Irwin behaved very well, except for his unending additions, punctuated with the same old cry. "I must, I must have some money."

During the next three weeks I was a regular visitor to the sanitarium, where John's case excited the greatest interest. Neither care nor expense was spared, and yet there was not the slightest change in the patients condition. I was returning disheartened from one of these visits when, at the New York end of the big Bridge. I was accessed by a bronzed and weather beaten man who had to tell me three times that he was Barney Moran before I would believe him.

"I hought you were in Porto Rico drawing pictures, said!

"The Globe sent me down there, replied the artist, and then

The artist was waiting for us at the Bridge entrance next morning, and we all rode out together. On the way Mr. Hellows confided to us the information that he was considering a new move in the case. It happened that Dr. Rudolph Ehrlich of Berlin, probably the greatest living authority on brain diseases—was in America at that time, and it had occurred to Mr. Bellows to bring him from Boston, where he had been attending a scientific convention. Of course, the expense would be considerable, though not beyond the means of the wealthy philanthropist. He had decided to take the step, if Dr. Rockey saw mo objection.

We found Irwin in bed in a neat and airy room, tossing about like a man in a strychnine convulsion. He had been kept in bed most of the time, but had slept very little. Even in sleep, the same strange delusion haunted him, so that he never woke refreshed. Often in the night the nurse would find him sitting upright against the headboard

Cole Ground'! I turned cold like I had dropped

but had slept very little. Even in sleep, the same strange defusion haunted him, so that he never woke refreshed. Often in the night the nurse would find him sitting upright against the headboard—as if the unseen enemy had thrust him back with a hand upon his throat—and struggling with his unintelligible problems of figures. Moran, who, as an Irishman and an artist, has double cause to be emotional, shed tears at the sight of his friend.

"Dear old fellow," he cried, grasping both the patient's restless bands, and holding them true and steady, as he leaned forward across the bed. "Lort there something—anything—that I can do for you."

John seemed to have a faint recognition of the man, and to feel the better for his presence.

"How much do I owe Mrs. Reardon?" he asked in a vague, wandering way. "It must be seven, and seven, and seven, and seven, and—yet with fifteen more—two sevens are fourteen, and one for me—you can get a sandwich and a cup of coffee for five cents at Dobbin's. Of course it isn't coffee but a fellow can work on it, and the sandwich is a foundation for a smoke, even if nobody can digest it. But what's the use." I can't get get through. The Gravesend story would have paid the last of my brother's debts. If—if—fit Seven and seven are fourteen. I must. I must have some money."

"His conversation is somewhat more rational this morning," remarked Dr. Rockey; "more connected, as you see. Yet the fixed idea—the fixed idea—"In the name of heavens," cried Irwin, starting hack against the birase and tron heading of the bed. "I must have some money."

"Not an uncommon delusion, said Dr. Hockey, smiling.

"I never saw it before," replied the artist. "I

"Not an uncommon delusion," said Dr. Hockey, smiling.
"I never saw it before," replied the artist. "I have met those whose whose need was not what they declared. The undeserving beggar on the street, the habitual borrower who does not pay, will add a lie to bolster up their pleas. Yet all speak truth in this. They do actually want the money and would be the happier for it. Even the fellow who will spend what you give him for drink feels a real craving that you and I may not understand or sympathire with; but it's real, for he proves it by denying himself food and shelter. As for John here, it's obvious what he wants, he wants the means to live till he can finish his story.

He wants the means to live till be can finish his story."

"He had \$16 in his pocket when he was taken with this delusion." said 1.

"And can't you see what he was trying to do with it" said Moran. "Hear him add. He is trying to add up \$28 of petty obligations in such a way that the total won't be more than \$16. I've played that game and the devil invented it. A man with a conscience can go crazy at it without any trouble at all."

"You do not fancy that money would do him." any trouble at all."

You do not fancy that money would do him any good?" asked Bellows.

Fancy: I know it!" rejected Moran. "He says sy, himself, and I believe him. Where's

"You do not fancy that money would do him any good" asked Bellows.

"Fancy! I know it" reorded Moran. "He says so himself, and I believe him. Where's his \$10."

"In the safe downstairs," asid Dr. Rockey.
"John," said Moran, speaking very distinctly, you've got \$16 in the safe downstairs that you can have any time you want it, and Mr. Bellows is going to lend you \$18 more. Here it is.

As he spoke he took the amount which Mr. Bellows had counted out and gave it to John.
"That's \$29, muttered firm, "Seven and seven are fourteen and four are eighteen and four are twenty two and three are twenty seven and one for the washerwoman. Why why, that leaves one—it can't be so. Frank give me a nicce of note."

I handed him an envelope and a pencil and he made figures with surprising rapidity. Suddenly he looked up with a smile that was beautiful to see.
"Hoys," said the. "I'm out of the hole. I'll take a bit of a neu and then go to work. It's all right, all right at last thank God."

He slept until Totokek that evening, the first healthy and natur't sleep that he had had since he came to the senitarium to say nothing of the months and verse preceding. Moran sat beside his held all the time. I had bego back to the city, but i got away from work in season to be present when John away.

Dr. Rockey and Mr. Bellows were also in the room when the patient opened his eyes. He seemed refreshed and his expression had changed radically. He looked perfectly sane, and when he spoke it was quite with sense and precision. Singularly enough, he had a fairly accurate memory of what had occurred, except regarding time. He fancied that he had been in the sanitarium only a do." He remembered the loan made by Bellows, and expressed the proper gratiude.

"It eel like going to work at once," he said. "I can finish my Graveseed atory in a few days, and it's my last hurdle. The end of all my troubles is near."

As he spoke he gave a hand to Moran, who of

As he spoke he gave a hand to Moran, who of

UNDERTAKER'S VIEW OF MUSIC.

ncertain Band at a Military Funeral-Music Quarrel Over the Remains.

There is never any appearance of business ctivity about the new undertaking shop. That indeed, would be rather out of place. It is not the sort of commercial establishment where one is disposed to use the customary formulas of business, such as those that imply that business is brisk or that its subjects are lively, or that there is a rising tendency. Though of necessity mortuary, the establishment is undeniably snug in a subdued sort of fashion, quite in keeping with the framed photographs of parklike cometeries which hang upon the wall and lead up to the sombre volumes of the catalogue of the Casket Trust which lie on the table to guide the mourner in se-

lecting the last tenement for the departed. Still, there is business done at the shop in an unobtrusive way. The senior partner was at work on one of the catalogue volumes with a pencil and notebook, and the black gloves lying across the brim of his silk hat with the mourning band were proof that he was about to set forth on a pro-fessional call. He was evidently estimating the price of decollete coffins set on carved pedestals, the "couch caskets" of the manufacturer's catalogue. The junior partner was looking out of the window, whistling the air which I id last been played by the street piano, but in obedience to a professional instinct he had transposed it to the minor, and reduced the tempo far below the gall

of gayety.
"There's something very queer about funeral music," said the senior partner as he finished his figuring and looked at his watch to see how much time he had to spare. "I shall never forget the first military obsequies I ever assisted at. It was when I was a junior partner in an establishment in one of the smaller cities up the State. It was a very chaste affair. All the evangelical pasters took part in the services, the militia had the right of line, and the Templars and the Patriarchs and the Volunteer Firemen had places in the procession. Well, going out to the cemetery everything was a positive credit to the remains. The procession moved about two miles an hour, with the most saddening pace you ever saw, and all the time the band played the 'Dead March' in 'Saul.' and in between the drums beat slow and muffled like they were stuffed with cotton batting, and after a spell the band would play something else that would give you the creeps all oven But after the committal when the procession formed again for the return to town, the band struck up. Well, when I saw the drum major swing his baton forward and up I just made up my mind to enjoy that music now that I had no further responsi-bility on my mind, for I can tell you that a military obsequy is a very uncertain thing to have any-thing to do with, and a funeral director has no right to feel easy before the three rounds blank and taps are done. Well, now, what do you suppose

shal of the procession to have the music stopped "The band's all right,' the marshal said, 'hop into your carriage and don't keep the procession waiting. Your part's done when the remains are interred ' "But it ain't right,' I said. 'It aln't respectful

that band struck up? Why, 'Massa's in the Cole,

into a tub of ice-water, but I chased up to the mar-

to the remains."

to the remains."

"The remains have had all the respect that's coming to them," replied the marshal. 'And as for right, what's right compared with regulations. It's regulations that coming home from a funeral the band shall play lively music. Get into your carriage and hurry up, for it's route step going back.'

back."
There's any amount of trouble about music in

"There's any amount of trouble about music in funerals that aren't in the obsequy class—church and parlo affairs. I had one case only a few days ago that put a few more gray hairs on my head. When I was making arrangements with the family pastor for the services I naturally asked him if the church choir could furnish the music and maybe sing an anthem.

"Certainly,' said the minister, 'nothing could give them greater pleasure, I'm sura.'

"At the time set for the exercises the choir was all there and the organist sat down at the parlor organ and played in a sort of musical whisper all sorts of things that made you feel solemn, not regular tunes, but just faint sounds that must have been very consoling. The choir was with the minister at the head of the casket, the soprano and the tenor on his right and the alto lady and the base to the left I saw a gentleman get up and go over to say something to the organist, who shook his head pretty vigorously and then beckoned to me to come over.

"Who's in charge of the music at this funeral" the organist asked.

"Why, you are, I guess," I said, "What's wrong."

"Nothing's wreng, only this gentleman says.

"Who s in charge of the music at this funeral?
"Why, you are, I guess," I said. "What's wrong."
"Nothing's wrong, only this gentleman says he's a male quartette from some lodge or other and he proposes to sing at these exercises. That's all that's wrong, says the organist, who was astechy as most of his kind.

"Then the other musician began to get hot, and he says, 'The remains were our brother in the lodge and we're the lodge quartette and it's our fraternal duty to sing at one another's funerals, and we're going to sing, you can just bet. We're the brethren that ain't going to take any back talk from any snipe at a parlor organ.

"I got them both out into the back hall to talk it over, but it was no use. The organist savere his choir wouldn't back down for any male quartete that ever quarted, and the lodge man was just as positive that there was going to be some singing at that funeral that might do that church choir some good. It had to go at that. The organist went back to the little organ and began ularity as before, and the lodge man typoed back to his three solemn companions, who were sitting right next the deceased on his right hand side. That fetched them at right angles to the church choir, and the looks that passed between the two sets of music were sharp enough almost to galvan'ze our friend in between.

"After the mounters and the family had come down from upstars and took their places in the back parlor is nodded to the minister to begin. The first number on the programme was 'Rock of Ages,' by the choir. Just as soon as the choir had finished the lodge quartette jumped up before the minister limit in me, the down from upstars and took their jumped up before the glose. The organist soul up at one;

of Ages, by the chief. Just as soon as the choir had finished the lodge quartetic jumped up before the minister had time to do anything and then they let loose. The organist shut up at once; he wasn't going to waste any of his good accompaniment on the rival music. That don't make any difference to the lodge outlit. They began in perfect time and chanted the tuenty hird-pain, and i tell you it was grand. When they were through they sat down and glowered across the remains at the choir outlit. Then the minister read some Scripture and the next imnings was for the church crowd, who same Nearer my God to Thee. By this time the minister seemed to expect the male quartetie to follow and before proceeding he turned toward their leader. This time the lodge men same I know that my Redeemer liveth, and it's seldom that you hear, such singing as they were putting up. So the went all through the exercises whenever the choir same the lodge quartetic followed and sang harder music and same; I better. The church was nowhere on a wind with the bedge.

"After it was all over, I had several come up to me and ask if that was the new fashion in func-